

THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. AKENSIDE.

VOL. V.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1805.

No. 10.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

(Continued from page 53.)

New York, July 20, 1795.

IN my younger days I had a companion, the daughter of a worthy clergyman, who, until his decease, had been an unshaken friend of my fathers. It was my chief care, after having arrived here, to visit this young girl, with whom I so often beguiled the hours of infancy. Upon enquiry for Maria—I was led into a room, where she soon made her appearance. I immediately rose to receive her, and calling her by name, hoped that she had enjoyed health for these several years past. She answered in the affirmative and continued, “but I ought to think myself highly favoured by such kind enquiries, more especially from one, who, apparently is unknown to me. I was now no longer at a loss to account for her reserve; and being willing to undeceive her, replied, that time and circumstances too often create vicissitudes in the appearance and friendship of people, and therefore, after a lapse of seven years, it was not to be wondered at, if she should forget even her most intimate juvenile companion; but that perhaps, I had a right to impeach her neglect, or else she would certainly discern in me, some features of *****.” Here she flew into my arms, and repeatedly asked forgiveness for not at first recognizing me, alledging that my figure and countenance alone could never have bespoke me to have been her former school mate, with whom so many agreeable days had been passed. We spent several hours together, in mutual relation of incidents, which occurred while so long separated, and at length parted, after determining to renew our former social intercourse.

She is the last of six children, and was of course, left without a competitor in the affections of her parents, who left nothing untried, that prudence could suggest, to inculcate in her the sentiments of piety, filial duty, benevolence and humanity. The moment they found themselves possessed with but one child, all their thoughts were bent on the means of rendering her an invaluable treasure. Nature had given her a mind that in every way seconded their efforts, and ultimately crowned them with success. Every intellectual embellishment that could make a female respectable was realised in her; every personal endowment

that could make a female admired shone in her with irresistible lustre.

In conversation, she displays so much vivacity, good humour and sentiment, that all who knew her acknowledged her superiority, and sought to attach themselves to her person.

In my visits from time to time, I always discovered a young man assiduous in his attentions towards her, though he barely noticed any other one in company. I have been informed, that he had been seeking her favour for at least two years, and from what has transpired, succeeded in gaining it effectually. There was a sternness in his countenance, perhaps the mark of affliction; very blunt in behaviour, but seemed altogether devoid of foppishness and insincerity. He seldom condescended to address any lady except Maria, though I have frequently heard him discourse with her father upon religion and politics. In these instances he always spoke with much force, but generally yielded his opinion to the privilege of age. The old divine often dwelt with raptures on his superior qualities, and was never in so good a humour as when in discourse with him. No person this good man believed, would better suit his wishes to complete his daughter's happiness in wedlock. So much, however, were the parents engrossed in studying her inclinations, that her dissatisfaction was always theirs, and therefore, her wishes were unrestrained in this instance as well as in most other cases. Perhaps you will ask, how it came to pass, that a man whose disposition appeared so much the reverse of Maria's, could possibly succeed in obtaining her esteem. But in choosing a husband, her good sense rejected the thought of being united to a superficial, ignorant being, or one whose only merit consisted in the beauty of his person. On the contrary, she was able to discriminate true worth from presumptuous folly; extensive information was more valuable to her than the illusive dazzle of wealth and outward attractions. Hence that unbounded partiality for this man—hence her unsuspecting confidence in his honour, firmly believing that his austere deportment, and rigid abstinence arose from a contempt for fashionable trifles, and all other failings which impair the dignity of man.

About three weeks ago, the venerable clergyman suddenly fell into a violent delirium. This circumstance occasioned considerable alarm to his wife and daughter, who momentarily expecting his death, were solicitous to spend the last moments with

him, and could not, of consequence, give such assistance as was necessary to insure his recovery. The physician who was necessarily called, gave some favourable expectations; but I watched him attentively, and remarked, that on leaving the room, he shook his head, which seemed to say that all his skill would be unavailing. And indeed the appearance of the good man betokened that a few hours would terminate his miseries. On the second day, the disease had evidently increased, as did also our apprehensions. It was with great difficulty that I could prevail on the wife and daughter to take the smallest refreshment, even the most necessary, that of sleep. On the morning of the third day, I succeeded in removing Maria to another part of the house; here in a little while nature prevailed, and I had the satisfaction of seeing her sink into a peaceful slumber.

Mrs.——, however, refused to leave the place of his confinement, and used every exertion to mitigate his sufferings; but about dusk, by repeated entreaty, she consented to retire into the next apartment. I staid to administer some preparations, left for the purpose by the physician on his last visit, which fortunately happened while the ladies were at rest. He had not been away above an hour, when I was alarmed by a voice crying, “my father! Oh save my father!” I hastened to the door, and upon opening it, found Maria with a wild disordered appearance running towards me. I requested to know the occasion of her fears, “Where is my dear father?” said she, “is he not dead?” I soon dissipated her fears by bringing her near him. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and I learnt afterwards, that while asleep, fancy had represented her parent struggling against the steel of an assassin, and that in the act of carrying him off, she flew to rescue him from the supposed danger.

I bid her not be so afflicted, for that her fears had made her believe her father worse than he really was. “No, no, nothing shall ever induce me to leave him again; why should we be denied his presence for the few sad hours which heaven has appointed for him to remain with us?—Oh my father! when you are gone, who will be here to cherish and comfort your friendless orphan?”

At this moment he made an effort to speak, for the first time since the commencement of his malady, and taking his daughter's hand, while she leaned on my breast, with the utmost calmness, thus addressed her.

(To be Continued.)

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE AMERICAN IDLER.

NO IV.

"Secinum spectacula regum."

My correspondent has unfortunately hit upon a hackneyed subject for his essay. It possesses however, in my opinion, sufficient merit to interest the reader, and I hope, after its perusal he will be of the same sentiments.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

In all ages, and in all civilized countries there have been characters, who attentively have observed the peculiar occurrences incident to their day. The philosopher, has remark'd with delight, discoveries which have tended to benefit the condition of man; the historian has recorded the revolutions of empires, and transmitted to posterity, the well earned fame, of heroes and statesmen who have shone with peculiar lustre, and the petty scribblers of the age have not fail'd to give some idea of the less important transactions, which have excited their attentions.—And, lest no one shall condescend to remark the singular absurdity which is stamped on the fashions of our time, I shall attempt a description, as well with a view to rescue from oblivion trifling circumstances, as to present to those who indulge in the extravagance of this folly—a picture of themselves. In this relation, I hope not to offend the delicacy of my fair country-women, yet such is the nature of the subject, that I fear a true statement of facts will—raise on the cheek of modesty a blush—and on the part of our modern fops, if any thing shall be remarked that is to the point, I beg they may refrain from entertaining an idea, that a duel will ensue, for such is my disposition, that if to expose my life in that manner, is requisite to assure the world I am an honourable man, I candidly confess, that in me there is no such virtue. But to proceed, with the ladies—*wigs*, and an artificial red and white, such as nature never conferred on human beings, among all her bounteous gifts, are the not unfrequent decorations of their heads. An almost *bare bosom* is next presented; that this is nature, I am not disposed to doubt, and trust no one will deny that I here relate a naked truth; *uncovered arms*, are alike the rage, and a display of *ankles*, indispensibly necessary, to the present mode.

I wish not to go beyond the limits prescribed by modesty, and shall therefore leave those who may feel conscious of the truth of these observations, to consider whether, so indecent, a display of their *forms*, such studious endeavours to render themselves elegant in their own eyes, by means so destructive to their constitutions, is not incompatible with that dignity, which unquestionably should be attached to the fairest portion of the rational creation.

To the gentlemen, who profess to be always in the fashion, I beg leave to say, are seldom in the enjoyment or possession of independant spirits. Surely a man must be little short of a slave, whose whole attention is directed to the trifling consideration of procuring a *stilish* coat, or first rate pair of *inexpressibles*; to be eternally dancing from the taylor's shop, to that of the *knight of the last*, must be a duty, more to be dreaded, than hoeing tobacco, or sawing stone—That he who devotes all his time to these things, must be incapable of discharging the various, relative duties for which he was created, and certainly he prostitutes that gift of reason, which was intended for a noble purpose to the most insignificant of all considerations.

In offering these unconnected remarks, I have no particular person or persons in view; nor do I wish to confer on all the "gay world," that odium, which belongs only to a part.

I beg Mr. Idler you will give your opinion on this subject, and if possible, endeavour to convince, a few of the *dashing* geniuses of the age, that dress ought to be considered only of secondary importance.

Yours, &c.

STUDIOSUS.

I shall not longer detain the reader with any remarks of my own, but leave him to judge of the correctness and justise of whatever is advanced in the subsequent letter.

J.

ERRATA—No. 2 first column, line 10 from the bottom, for *effect*, read *effort*. No. 3, for *Kaven* read *Raven*; for *Manderville*, read *Mandeville*; column 2d, line 13th from the bottom for *fancies*, read *who fancies*. J

For the Repository.

ON THE TEST OF POPULAR OPINION.

I HAPPEN to fall into company with a citizen, a courtier and an academic, says the citizen, I am told continually of taste, refinement and politeness; but methink the vulgar and illiterate generally approve the same productions with the connoisseurs. One rarely finds a landscape, a building or play that has charms for the critic exclusive of the mechanic. But, on the other hand, one readily remarks students who labour to be dull, depraving their native relish by the very means they use to refine it. The vulgar, may not indeed be capable of giving the reasons why a composition pleases them. That mechanical distinction they leave to the connoisseur; but they are at all times, I believe, judges of an effect, a part of knowledge in most respects, allowedly more genteel than that of the the operation. Says the courtier, I cannot answer for every individual instance, but I think, moderately speaking, the vulgar are generally in the wrong. If they happen to be otherwise, it is principally owing to the implicit reliance on the skill of their superiors: and this has

sometimes been strangely effectual in making them imagine they relish their perfection. In short, if ever they judge well, it is at the time they least presume to frame opinions for themselves. It is true, they will pretend to taste an object which they know their betters do. But then they consider some person's judgment as a certain standard or rule; they find the object exactly tally; and this demonstrated appearance of beauty affords them some small degree of satisfaction. It is the same with regard to the appetite, from which the metaphor of taste is borrowed. "Such a soup or olio, say they, is much in vogue; and if you do not like it, you must learn to like it." But in poetry, for instance, it is urged, that the vulgar discover the same beauties with the man of reading. Now half, or more of the beauties of poetry depend on metaphor or allusion, neither of which by a mind uncultivated, can be applied to their proper counterparts. Their beauty, of consequence, is like a picture to a blind man. How many of these peculiarities in poetry turn upon a knowledge of philosophy and history; and let me add, these latent beauties give the most delight to such as can unfold them. I might launch out much farther in regard to the narrow limits of their apprehensions. What I have said, may exclude their infallibility; and it is my opinion that they are seldom right. The academic spoke little, but to the purpose, asserting that all ranks and stations have their different spheres of judging; that a clown of native taste enough to relish Handel's Messiah, might unquestionably be so instructed as to relish it yet more; that an author before he prints, should not flatter himself with a confused expectation of pleasing both the vulgar and the polite, few things in comparison, being capable of doing both in any great degree; that he should always measure out his plan for the size of understanding he would fit. If he can content himself with the mob, he is pretty sure of numbers for a time. If he write with more abundant elegance, it may escape the organs of such readers, but he will have a chance for such applause as will more sensibly affect him. Let a writer then in his first performances, neglect the idea of profit, and the applause of the vulgar entirely; let him address the judicious few, and then profit and the mob will follow. His first appearance on the stage of letters will engross the politer compliments; and his latter will partake of the irrational huzzas.

BASIL.

For the Repository.

ON THE CHOICE OF COMPANY.

NO. III.

IN the phrase of the world, good company means fashionable people. Their stations in life, not their morals, are considered; and he who associates with such, though they set him the example of breaking every commandment of the decalogue, is still said to keep good company. I should wish to fix another meaning to the expression; and

to consider vice in the same detestable light in whatever company it is found; nay, to consider all company in which it is found, be their station what it will as bad company. The three following classes will perhaps include the greatest part of those who deserve the appellation.

In the first, I should rank all who endeavour to destroy the principles of christianity,—who jest upon the scripture, blaspheme, and treat revelation with contempt.

A second class, are those who always attempt to destroy in us the principles of common honesty and integrity. Under this head we may include gamblers, and infamous characters of every other profession.

A third class, and such as are commonly most dangerous to youth, comprehends the long catalogue men of pleasure.

Besides these, there are others, who are trifling insipid characters, who follow no business, are led by no ideas of improvement, but spend their time in dissipation and folly.

It may be asked, what is meant by keeping bad company? The world abounds with characters of this kind: they meet us in every place; and if we keep company at all, it is impossible to avoid being with such persons.

It is true, if we are determined never to have any commerce with bad men, we must quit the world altogether. By mixing with improper company, is not meant a casual intercourse with them, on occasion of business, or as they accidentally fall in our way; but having an inclination to consort with them,—seeking their company, when it might be avoided, and making them the companions of their choice.

In earliest youth the contagion of manners is observable. In the boy, yet incapable of thought, we discover from his first actions, and rude attempts at language the description of persons with whom he has been brought up. As he enters farther into life, his manners and conversation all take their cast from habitual companions.

Nor are manners and behaviour more easily caught, than opinions and principles. In childhood and youth, we naturally adopt the sentiments of those about us; and as we advance in life, how few of us think for ourselves? How many of us are satisfied with taking our opinions from others?

The great power and force of custom, forms another argument against intimacy with bad company. However seriously disposed we may be,—however shocked at the first approaches of vice, these antipathies wear off when we become familiar with them. Custom soon renders the most disgusting thing agreeable; and this is indeed a kind provision of nature, to render labour, and toil and danger, which are the lot of man, more easy to him. The raw soldier, who trembles at the first encounter, becomes a hardy veteran in a few campaigns. Habit renders danger familiar, and, of course, indifferent to him.

But habit, which is intended for our good, may, like other kind appointments of nature, be converted into mischief. The well disposed youth, entering first into bad compa-

ny, is shocked with what he hears and what he sees. The good principles which he had imbibed, ring in his ears an alarming lesson against the wickedness of his companions. But alas! this sensibility is but of short continuance. The next jovial meeting makes the horrid picture of yesterday more easily endured. Virtue is soon thought to be a severe restraint; few pangs of conscience now and then interrupt his pleasures, and whisper to him that he once had better thoughts, but even these by degrees wear away, and he who was at first alarmed by the approaches of depravity, is formed gradually into a profligate leader of vice. How vigilant should we then be against so insidious an enemy?

Z.

MISCELLANY.

MODERN AMAZONS.

Ever since the time of the romantic historian, Quintus Curtius, who relates the history of the Amazons, and has found means to unite the accounts of more ancient poets and historians into one narration; since that time, copious and not unimportant controversies have been periodically raised on the existence and non-existence of these masculine women. Wonderful and fabulous as the various accounts concerning them may be found, yet we cannot directly pronounce them to be absolutely false or absurd. For he that will refuse to attribute firmness, bravery, or even severity and cruelty, to the female character among savage nations, must be little versed in the history of the rude and uncultivated people of ancient and modern times: and he that will maintain, that an entire nation of women without men, and of men without women, cannot subsist, has the incontrovertible testimony of a Pallas against him, who has made us intimately acquainted with the Saporagian Kosacs, who swarm in thousands about the deserts of among Asia without women, and increase their numbers by kidnapping boys.

Still more probability in favour of the pretended existence of a feminine nation is hence obtained, that those who have mentioned it, place it in a region of the world where the women are slaves to the men, and where they might easily be supposed to escape they only scourge of their despots, and that from the summoned up patience to remain them for so long a time as was necessary for the propagation of their sex.

That they made away with children that were begotten of them, was in them a matter of political necessity, not more unnatural and cruel, than that which in our times urges sovereigns to drive thousands of their subjects to stand against the discharge of firearms, and to cause them to be massacred by others to whom they have never given any personal offence.

They murdered their children, because they held them for their common enemies: as the child-murderers among us polished moderns make away with the fruit of their wombs, from the dread of them as the living witnesses of their shame.

In nature such barbarous exceptions appear, and therefore in experience the matter is without contradiction; but an historical certainty is absolutely wanting. Their whole history is founded on traditions, which the poet has moulded to his fancy, and the historian has adapted to his credulity. What Curtius so precisely and confidentially relates of them may be always as easily verified as many of the historical assertions of Voltaire in his Universal History, and the rest of his historical romances.

It is possible, therefore, that the ancient Amazons might have existed; the modern Amazons may still exist, but their existence is as little established by history.

Shortly after the discovery of the new world, the account was received in Europe, that in the southern parts of America a nation had been discovered entirely composed of women, which, with proper allowances, bore a great resemblance with the Amazons of antiquity. Oviedo, the historiographer of the conquest of Mexico and Peru, mentions them first in a letter to cardinal Bembo, wherein he describes to him the enterprizes of Orellana. His words are as follows:

“In a certain region Orellana and his companions had a bloody rencontre. The leaders of the enemy were martial women. They appeared to be the chiefs in command, and were therefore by the Spaniards termed Amazons.

“Indeed in many respects they were very like the ancient Amazons: like them they lived without men, ruled over several provinces and nations, and only permitted that sex to come near them at certain seasons of the year, for the sake of a connection with them but when that was over they sent them off without delay. Their male children they either killed or sent to their fathers, but the daughters they educated for keeping up the complement of their state. All these women are the subjects of an opulent queen, who maintains a very splendid court, consisting entirely of ladies.”

Accurate and circumstantial as this account may be, yet we cannot directly accept it for true, because Oviedo himself did not see these female men, but what he relates he had from hearsay alone. And the case is exactly the same with Pere la Condamine, who likewise gives us an account of them:

“We informed ourselves carefully, says he, of all the Indians of various nations, whether it were true, that they [the Amazons] lived in a state of separation from the men, and only allowed them to make their approaches once a year. They uniformly replied, that they had received this account from their forefathers, and added several particulars, which all have a tendency to confirm, that such a republic of women does really exist in these parts, and that they had retired deeper into the country, from the more western districts, either on the Rio Negro, or on one of the other rivers which on that side fall into the Maragnon.

“An Indian, of the Omaguais, told us, that we might probably meet with an old man at Koari, whose father had seen the Amazons. At Koari, however, we learnt

that this Indian was dead; but we were assured by his son, a very sensible man, that what we had heard was by no means a falsehood: that his grandfather had actually seen those Amazons at the mouth of the Cuchivara, and they had come thither from the river Camia, which flows into the Maragnon. He had spoken with four of them, whose names he repeated to us. One of them had an infant at her breast. All the Indians below Koari confirmed to us these relations, with the addition of many other circumstances, which all agreed in the main.

"Among the nation of the Topayos we saw certain green stones, of which they told us, they inherited them of their forefathers, who received them from the Coungnaintainsecuima, i. e. women without men."—"A certain Indian, continues la Condamine, who dwelt in my mission, begged of me to let him shew me a river, by which one might proceed to the vicinity of the present abode of the Amazons. But where the river is unnavigable on account of the cataracts, if we would reach their country, we must travel for several days through the wilds that lie to the west, across a very mountainous district. This river is called the Iritzo, and, in consequences of this information, I afterwards traced it up to its mouth.

"I farther got intelligence from an old soldier of the garrison at Cayenne, who had been sent with a detachment into the interior of the country in the year 1726, for the purpose of making discoveries: that they penetrated so far till they came to a long-eared nation, called Amicuaní, and inhabit the farther side of the source of the Ojapoc.—Here he saw the beforementioned green pebbles about the necks of the women and children, and learnt by questioning them, that they obtained them from the women without men, whose dwellings were from seven to eight days journey farther on to the west.

"In all these several testimonies there prevailed a perfect harmony in regard to material points. For, if some placed the abode of the Amazons to the east, others to the north, and others again to the west, yet all these various directions converge to the same point, namely, to the hills which lie in the midst of Guiana, in a region, whither as yet neither the Portuguese of Peru, nor the French of Cayenne, have ever adventured. I must, notwithstanding, confess, continues la Condamine, that I doubt whether the Amazons still actually dwell in these regions, so long as we receive no determinate account of them through the Indians who reside in the neighbourhood of the European colonies of Guiana. It is possible, indeed, that they afterwards altered the place of their abode: yet it is more probable, that, if they really did exist yonder, they have since been subjugated by some other nation; or, weary of their solitary condition, they abandoned the mode of life pursued by their mothers, and again associated with the other sex. Should we then meet with no more traces at present of this female republic, yet that will by no means demonstrate that it never has existed."—

Thus far la Condamine. The latest accounts on this subject are given us by the Abbe Gili, in his history of the nations on the Oroonoko. His terms are as follows:

"I once asked the Ouaguis, a nation inhabiting on the Cuccivero, very particularly concerning the other nations that dwell on the banks and in the proximity of this considerable river. They named me several; and among others, the Aicheam-benano.—As I understood the language, I immediately knew that term implied a nation composed entirely of women. However, I put on a look of surprise, and said, a nation merely of women! that is impossible? The Indian upon this assured me, that it actually was so; and added that they were extremely warlike, and, instead of spinning cotton, like other women, they exercised themselves with hand-guns and other weapons. Once in the year they admit the visits of the men; and these are of the nation of the Vocheari, who dwell in their neighbourhood. So soon as they find themselves pregnant, they make the men presents of arms, and send them away. On their delivery, they slay the male children, and bring up the daughters for propagating their race."

This narrative M. Gili had from several Indians, and all agreed in this, that the residence of the Amazons was in the very same region, where the savages, whose accounts la Condamine delivers, uniformly placed them.

Accordingly, we see that also the history of the modern Amazons rests upon report. In the mean time, the testimonies of such a number of nations, who, for the greatest part, are in no connection with each other, and yet agree together in the main particulars, are not to be utterly rejected; and the whole affair must remain undecided, till some traveller shall visit himself the place where the Amazons are said to reside.

HUME AND BURNET.

I am no admirer of Hume. In conversation he was very thick; and I do believe hardly understood a subject till he had written upon it.

Burnet I like much. It is observable, that none of his facts has been controverted, except his relation of the birth of the Pretender, in which he was certainly mistaken—but his very credulity is a proof of his honesty. Burnet's style and manner are very interesting. It seems as if he had just come from the king's closet, or from the apartments of the men whom he describes, and was telling his reader, in plain honest terms, what he had seen and heard.

DON QUIXOTTE.

Don Quixotte is no favourite of mine. When a man is once so mad, as to mistake a wind-mill for a giant, what more is to be said, but an insipid repetition of mistakes, or an uncharacteristic deviation from them?

VOLTAIRE.

Soon after I had published my "Historie doubts on the reign of Richard III." Voltaire happening to see and like the book, sent me a letter, mentioning how much the work answered his ideas concerning the uncertainty of history, as expressed in his *Historie Generale*. He added many praises of my book; and concluded with entreating my amitie.

As I had, in the preface to the castle of Otranto, ridiculed Voltaire's conduct towards Shakspeare, I thought it proper first to send Voltaire that book; and let him understand that, if after perusing it, he persisted in offering me his amitie, I had no objections, but should esteem myself honoured by the friendship of so great a man.

Sometime after I received from my acquaintance the Duchess of Choiseul, at Paris, a letter, inclosing one from Voltaire to her, wherein he said that I had sent him a book, in the preface to which he was loaded with reproaches, and all on account de son Bouffon de Shakspeare. He stated nothing of the real transaction, but only mentioned the sending of the Castle of Otranto, as if this had been the very first step.

TWO MINISTERS.

Mr. Pitt's plan, when he had the gout, was to have no fire in his room, but to load himself with bed-clothes. At his house at Hayes he slept in a long room; at one end of which was his bed, and his lady's at the other. His way was, when he thought the Duke of Newcastle had fallen into any mistake, to send for him, and read him a lecture. The Duke was sent for once, and came, when Mr. Pitt was confined to bed by the gout. There was, as usual, no fire in the room; the day was very chilly and the Duke, as usual, afraid of catching cold. The Duke first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed, as the warmest place; then drew up his legs into it as he got colder. The lecture unluckily continuing a considerable time, the Duke at length fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bed-clothes. A person, from whom I had the story, suddenly going in, saw the two ministers in bed, at the two ends of the room, while Pitt's long nose, and black beard unshaved for some days, added to the grotesque of the scene.

DR. JOHNSON.

I cannot imagine that Dr. Johnson's reputation will be very lasting. His dictionary is a surprising work for one man—but sufficient examples in foreign countries shew that the task is too much for one man, and that a society should alone pretend to publish a standard dictionary. In Johnson's dictionary, I can hardly find any thing I look for. It is full of words no where else to be found; and wants numerous words occurring in good authors. In writing it is useful; as if one be doubtful in the choice of a word, it displays the authorities for its usage.

His essays I detest. They are full of what I call triptology, or repeating the same thing thrice over, so that three papers to the same effect might be made out any one paper in the

Rambler. He must have had a bad heart—his story of the sacrilege in his voyage to the western islands of Scotland is a lamentable instance.

A NARRATIVE.

During my short stay at Florence, I was somewhat surprised one morning, while at breakfast, by a visit from a young man, whom I immediately recognized to be Charles——. Many years had elapsed since his departure from England. His history being peculiarly interesting.—Engaged in commerce at an early age, and taken into the house of his uncle, an eminent merchant in London, his prospects in life were most flattering. From his abilities, his attention and improvement, Charles became the favourite and was at length considered as heir to his uncle's large possessions. A partner in the same house, who was a man of superior sense, but addicted to extravagant vices, blighted this fair prospect almost in the bud! He was married to a depraved but beautiful woman, with whom he had formerly lived on easier terms. Led on in defiance of frequent serious remonstrances from one act of expensive dissipation to another, his debts accumulated in an alarming degree, which he still hoped to discharge by means of the gaming table. Surrounded by titled black legs, and wary sharpers, he engaged on unequal terms, and increased those debts which, in honour, he became obliged to pay without delay, or even investigation. The wife either knew not, or heeded not the private circumstances of her husband. She saw her house filled with the best company: gave expensive entertainments, and resorted with avidity to every public amusement which had the power of chasing away reflection and care. The husband, eager to alleviate the stings of conscience arising from the neglect of a young family, plunged still deeper into riot and profusion, and paid no longer any attention to the concerns of his mercantile affairs, which had hitherto been in a very flourishing situation. His partner, an easy old man of independent property, who never quitted his arm-chair, was not made acquainted with the excesses of Mr.——— till intelligence from their bankers arrived, stating, that not only the funds of the house were exhausted, but that, from an unusual grant of credit, they had permitted themselves to be considerably overdrawn. The affairs of the house thus involved, the most prompt and speedy measures became necessary to save their falling credit.—A consultation was held, and a proposition made and adopted, to employ the talents of young Charles, who was a proficient in the art of drawing, in forging the names of some eminent mercantile houses on foreign bills, and thereby raise an immediate supply. Charles, seduced into the practice of this expedient by the treacherous spendthrift, unknowingly committed an act, by which, agreeable to the laws of his country, his life became forfeited. He succeeded so well in the art of imitation, that a second attempt was shortly after made for raising a more considerable

sum. In negotiating the bills, however, a discovery took place, which instantly obliged the parties to seek safety in flight. Not a moment was now to be lost; Charles was made acquainted with the duplicity that had been practised upon him, and being hurried into a carriage, wherein a few valuables had been hastily packed up, departed immediately with Mr.——— for Dover. They embarked in the packet, and arrived safe on the continent. Continuing their route, they proceeded to the south of France, where they took up their residence, and remained concealed, unknowing and unknown.

In the mean time the uncle, confined with the gout, was left to support all the horrors of his situation. Bankruptcy ensued, and a disposition manifested on the part of the persons who had been duped, and were the chief sufferers, to have the infirm old man arrested, operated as a death-warrent. In a few hours he was found lifeless in his bed, not without strong suspicion of having taken poison. The sequel of these acts of depravity and guilt was no less fatal to the beautiful but frail Mrs.———; who, being, in consequence of her husband's elopement, deprived of pecuniary resources, and not inclined to follow or share his fate in a foreign country, accepted an offer, that was shortly after made her, of living with a man of fashion. Supported by his liberality, her extravagance now became unbounded; but her reign of pleasure was short. Tired of her charms, he quitted his mistress in a few weeks, and left her wholly destitute of future support. One lover succeeded another, till her abandoned conduct soon reduced her to a state of poverty, misery, and contempt; her health had likewise been considerably impaired, and, without making one commendable effort to gain a livelihood by industrious means, she sunk from poverty to guilt, and at length attempted to retrieve her fortunes by a deed of unexampled wickedness and cruelty. She had a daughter! a beautiful girl of sixteen, in whose countenance every sweet and gentle virtue was portrayed; the bloom of health was marked on her features, and sensibility evinced itself in her every action. But alas! how often are the children of promise doomed, in the spring of life, to mourn

—Their blossoms blasted in the bud!

Upon this maiden flower, just expanding into bloom, fell the rude storm of adversity,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,

Shook all its buds from blowing——

Julia! it was mine to see thee but once! yet pity still cherishes a tender recollection of that interview. Thy modest grief! the dignified serenity that sat on thy brow on this trying occasion! could I witness these and not participate in thy sorrows? Sincerely did I share them; and so lasting is the impression of injured excellence, that revolving years have not been able to efface thy image from my mind.

This artless, exemplary girl had been placed in a seminary, far from her mother's contaminating sight: here she dwelt in peace, improving daily in every virtue and accom-

plishment that could adorn her sex. The mother, mean time, distressed in her circumstances, in proportion to the decay of those charms which now failed to procure her admirers, resolved, for a pecuniary consideration, to sacrifice her too lovely daughter at the same shrine of prostitution to which he had been herself led a willing victim. The thought was no sooner entertained than executed. She quitted the habitation of misery and contempt, and, like an infernal demon, entered the abode of innocence and peace. Julia was claimed, and, carried unresisting and unknowing, to her mother's dwelling; who having, through the means of a common pander of vice, obtained the promise of a large sum from an abandoned reprobate, to whom her daughter was to be sacrificed, disclosed the plan, cloaked under the false garb and specious mask of pleasure, to her own offspring. From so infamous a proposal, even thus coloured and disguised, the virtuous, innocent Julia shrank, as at the sight of a basilisk. From arguments and entreaties her mother proceeded to threats, in case a promise of compliance should not be given within the period of a few days. Neither the prayers nor the tears of her virtuous daughter, in the mean time, made the smallest impression on the obdurate heart and debased mind of the vicious parent. A sense of filial duty prevented the suffering Julia from disclosing the horrid scheme in agitation. The debauched dotard, who, by dint of bribery, was to triumph over such virtue, saw her in this trying situation, and was just meditating to seize upon his prey, when, with fearful steps, she flew for relief to a former friend of her father's. She mentioned not her situation such as it was—the dreadful alternative that awaited her—the brink of ruin on which she stood—but only solicited to be reinstated in her former residence, where she might once more find happiness in retirement. This was readily promised, but, alas! too late to prevent the sad catastrophe that ensued.

Julia returned home, but to what a home! a fiend awaited her arrival! she had to encounter immediate infamy, dishonour and ruin!

Here let me draw veil over this melancholy history: suffice it to add, that Julia in the hour of despair, friendless, unprotected, and left to her distracted thoughts, sought refuge in a better world. Her's had not been a life of pleasure, but it had been a life of peace and innocence; could then her unsullied mind bear up against the stigma of vice, the scorn of the severely virtuous, of such whose hearts had never possessed half her innate modesty or worth, yet to whose slights and contumely she must have been hourly exposed? Her soul shrank from the prospect; urged by despair, she hurried from her mother's blasting sight; and, bereft of reason, rushed unbidden into the presence of her Maker! Poor Julia! and shall a deed committed in the hour when reason was overpowered by the phrensy of despair, cancel the purity of thy life, unmarked almost by error? Ah, no! the many acts of virtue thou hast done shall plead

for thee at the throne of Mercy, and thou mayest still look down and witness the tear of sympathy I shed on thy sorrows and untimely fate. Peace to thy manes!—sweet Julia.

DIVERSITY.

Sir Robert Walpole's recipe for making a patriot.—"Patriots," he said, "spring up like mushrooms: I could raise fifty of them within four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and upstarts a patriot!"

A French master was explaining to his scholars the nature of the adjective, "gros," (big.) The scholars had written "un arbre gros," meaning to express a big tree. Now, said the master, had you written "un gros arbre," it would have been right; but "un arbre gros," means a tree big with child; as "un femme grosse," a woman big with child: "un grosse femme," a big woman. But did you ever see a tree big with child, unless when you or some of your companions were up in the apple tree committing your depredations?

EUGENIO.

(Continued from page 71.)

As the nods and gesticulations of this man have a sort of oracular equivocality, every one supposes the decision in his own favour. He is therefore an acceptable guest to a great many good tables; and as his particular employment is thought to impart great force to judgment, every one is proud of his acquiescence, and regards it as an omen of victory in whatever dispute he happens to be engaged. Thus he not only dines every day for nothing, but with less interruption than any of the company. Suspect me not, Sir, of insinuating that your abilities are so low in themselves as to need either pretence or disguise; but, believe me, whatever they are, the fame of them may be prodigiously enhanced by this negative chicane, if conducted with address.

"I replied, that silence was not ill accommodated to my talents or turn of mind; but that I was so unpractised in imposition, that I despaired of succeeding, even where my only task was to hold my tongue. This was not enough to discourage my friend from proceeding with his list, after having assured me that these were the prejudices of a green author, whom the logic of hunger had not taught to conclude, that the world must, after all, be treated in its own way.

"Voltaire says of Gassendi, *J'avoit moins de reputation que Descartes, parce qu'il étoit plus raisonnable*; and the truth of this remark was well understood by a young gentleman of my acquaintance, who, being determined to raise a reputation on a very slender foundation, saw no way so good, of conciliating the praise of mankind, as by contradicting them as roundly as possible. On whatever subject this gentleman's thoughts

are exercised he is sure to turn up something that nobody has dreamed of before; and where he cannot persuade by the ingenuity of his argument, he never fails to surprise by the hardness of his assertions. He affects in every thing a *gout de travers*: and the zeal of opposition has carried him to an incredible pitch of absurdity in point of dress and deportment. To avoid the imputation of thinking like other men, he stops at no profanation in principle, or solecism in taste. He commends Dr. P——y for his religious arguments, as much as he condemns his philosophical researches; and is much offended at the preference bestowed on the theories of Newton above those of Descartes and Buffon. He pretends to great depth in the occult sciences, and praises them chiefly for the certainty they afford, and their superior precision to the deductions of mathematics. He accordingly affects to be greatly enamoured of the sciences of physiognomy, demonology, and astrology, where it is not easy to dispute the ground with him, and where ignorance finds a refuge from the weapons of logic, and escapes like the cuttle-fish by muddying the stream thro' which it glides. By these means, this gentleman has succeeded in raising a curiosity about his productions, which prepares them an universal reception, and has turned them very much to his profit. He is now engaged in writing an apology for polytheism, with a hymn to Jupiter Olympus, who it is supposed, will reward him, by descending again in a shower of gold.

"Another knight of this our venerable order has adopted a plan of proceeding remarkable for the ingenuity of its conception, no less than the ease and certainty of its execution. He observed, that the general did not fight like the soldier, and yet engrossed all the honour of the day; and that the master-mason, and the owner of the mill, and not those who actually performed the labour, were the principal gainers in their several crafts. It was his ambition to introduce a like disposition of things into the provinces of literature, and bring it under those laws of exchange and profit, to which all things should bend in a commercial country. To get his work done cheaply, it was his first care to search out obscure wits, whom the urgency of their affairs rendered happy to find any market for their labours; youthful geniuses, who knew not as yet the value of their productions, or those timid spirits, who, not daring to execute their own conceptions, require a task-master to prompt their efforts and accredit their productions. The success which has attended this gentleman's career, has been equal to the dexterity of his conduct; while the real founder of his prosperity has often, like the lamp to which Anaxagoras compared himself, been on the eve of perishing for want of oil.

"As he is not unaware of the disproportion that would manifest itself between his discourse and his publications, he maintains an inflexible taciturnity on every question which might hazard the credit of his understanding; and, by a master-piece of address, has imposed this political conduct

upon the world for the natural result of a simple and unambitious mind. A negligence of dress and deportment, and a general nonchalance of behaviour, contribute not a little to favour the imposture; for when we once are become enthusiasts in behalf of a man's virtues or abilities, his character rather casts lustre upon his foibles, than his foibles reproach upon his character; and we accept the excuse which Milton has suggested in the following passage—*Mens quasi grandior facta in tantis corporis angustis difficulter agitans se, minus habilis est ad exquisitiores salutationum gesticulationes.*

"You are surprised, perhaps," said Eugenio, "that I remember so well the greatest part of this lecture; but the truth is, that it interested me in a more than common degree, and occupied my thoughts night and day for some time after; not to mention some memorandums which I made on my return to my chamber. I could not help remarking, however, at the time," continued Eugenio, "that it was a little extraordinary for a gentleman who had given proofs, in the course of conversation, of respectable abilities, to mix in so low a conspiracy, and demean himself by the adoption of such illiberal arts." "It is true," he replied, "I am not so destitute of real claims as some of those to whose characters I have introduced you; but as I was full as destitute of money, I considered that the returns would be too slow for my necessities if I employed my talents in the service of mankind. Men do not read, out of gratitude towards the author, but from interest in his work: they speak well of a man, if they speak of him at all, who writes for their improvement; but they do not read his book the more on that account. We must consult, therefore the methods by which this interest is to be excited; and as men are more alive to abuse than they are to kindness, an author will do well to practice upon them in this rough manner, if he hope to draw advantage out of them. I will frankly own to you, I bring rather too much feeling and nicety into the business for the particular department of authorship which I have chosen, and not entirely possess those rigid nerves, those *cornea fibra*, which are so necessary to form the great man. The gentleman under whom I have studied in this school of scurrility, is happy in a most classical obduracy of mind. He includes in his black list the innocent, the generous, the dignified, and the brave; and, to pay his lodgings for a month, will hang them all up together in a string of dog-grel rhymes.

"Our time," continued he, "will not permit me to go more at length into my present subject; and indeed you give me but little encouragement to proceed, as I see in you little or no disposition to become one among our worthies. Believe me, however, on the credit of no mean experience, that neither learning nor talents will avail, where address and management are wanting. Whatever is the subject much competition, will necessarily accumulate round itself much deception and imposture; it is the nature

of all human things; and while every one is practising his arts about him, he imposes upon himself egregiously who dreams of gaining his dues from mankind without some degree of imposition on his own part. All the world are so exalted on stilts, that a giant becomes a dwarf without them. A part of your youth, as well as my own, has been spent in the groves of the academy; but your habits of seclusion were such, as to let you but little into the history of the different characters around you. Had your observation been greater, you would have seen that not even the Muses' seat was secure from these sort of profanations, and that the hallowed river, even at its source, is not entirely pure from stains and corruptions. You have there, as every where, a great deal of affectation without learning, and but little learning without affectation.

"I used to see with sorrow, for I once had a patriotic love of literature, men of real erudition, by striving to appear more knowing than they were, and to draw more than their share of attention, outrage the dignity of their talents, by contracting a distortion of manner, which, while it has scandalised plain men, has passed with their juvenile admirers for the genuine characteristic of genius, and the uncommon produce of uncommon ability. You have there the loose-stocking hero, who claims to be an extraordinary wit, by neglecting the ordinary duties and decencies of life, and who gains additional admiration by a beggarly indecorum of dress and deportment. There are some who find their account in the affectation of roughness and inurbanity of behaviour; some enhance their credit by stammering; some squint themselves into reputation; and some manage to raise a literary name on the ruins of their moral fame. Many impose by silence, many by volubility of tongue, some by an habitual sneer, and others by an unremitting frown. So true is the remark of Rochefoucault, *Ily a certains de fauts qui bien mis en œuvre brillent plus que la vertu même.*

"There are a body of authors, of whom I have not yet taken notice, because they are viewed by our fraternity with that kind of jealousy and indignation with which the poorer sort regard the inventors of those machines which are calculated to abridge employment—I mean the literary manufacturers. Late years have brought their engines to great perfection; insomuch that a good workman, if furnished with the raw materials from a rhyming dictionary, may compose two or three hundred lines a day. *Scit tendere versum—non secus ac sio oculo rubricam dirigat uno.* It is curious to enter the apartment of one of these mechanical poets, and view it strewed with heaps of half-lines from Pope, Dryden, &c. which are joined together in a moment like conjuration with *caesuras* between them to keep the peace, that never fail to fall, like smiths' hammers, exactly in the same place."

"Here my kind instructor again consulted his watch; and finding it time to depart, took an obliging leave of me, with a promise of assistance and advice upon all occasions. I turned myself homewards, with

a bosom dismantled of all its towering hopes, and abandoned to disappointment and remorse, its usual assailants."

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 70.)

Having thus furnished himself with a competent number of observations, he published a general chart, shewing at one view the variation of the compass in all those seas where the English navigators were acquainted. By this means, he laid the first sure foundation for the discovery of the law whereby the variation changes in different parts of the world.

The phenomena in these parts were found to agree perfectly with his theory. They were afterwards verified by the concurrent observations reported by the French pilots; and, as the same law has been since confirmed by a series of others for the space of more than 150 years, found in the Spanish journals on board the Manila ship, taken by Lord Anson, in his passage through the ocean which divides Asia and America, and which was, as Captain Halley observes, the great desideratum till then wanting to compleat the truth of the theory; this invention must be esteemed one of the most useful benefactions mankind ever received from a fellow-creature.

Having thus thrown all that relates to the variation of the magnetic needle into one view, we shall now return to the series of our author's life; in which, for a long course of time, there scarce passed a year wherein he did not either devise some useful invention, or make some new discovery or improvement in some of the arts and sciences.

The method of finding the longitude at sea by the motion of the moon was an early thought of our author; and he had no sooner erected his telescope at Islington, than he determined to put it into execution. He entered on it early in the year 1683, and continued observing for the course of sixteen months without any assistance, and yet without any interruption, by which means he had gotten near 200 observations, most of which he collated with the best theory of the moon then extant; and, having placed the errors in a table, he perceived the irregularities to be so regular within the revolution of the Sarotic period, that he could even predict the errors of the tables, with a certainty little inferior to the observations themselves.

But his sanguine views were now suddenly cut short by unforeseen domestic occasions, which obliged him to postpone all other considerations to the necessary defence of his patrimony. It was not long before he contracted an acquaintance, though without any such view, which proved of great service to him in that respect; for, having, in January 1684, turned his thoughts on the subject of Kepler's sesquialterate proportion, he concluded from it, that the centripetal force must decrease in proportion to the squares of the distances reciprocally; but, finding himself unable to demonstrate

it by any geometrical method, he first applied to Mr. Hook and Sir Christopher Wren; but, meeting with no assistance from either of them, he went to Cambridge in August to Mr. Newton, who amply supplied him with what he had so ardently sought.

Having now found an immense treasure of that learning, he could not rest, till he had prevailed upon the owner to enrich the public therewith; and to this interview the world is, in some measure, indebted for the *Principia Mathematica Philosophiæ Naturalis*.

Before the conclusion of the following year, 1685, Dr. William Musgrave, Secretary to the Royal Society, declining to act, our author was appointed Assisting Secretary; in which post, the first paper he published contained a tract of his own on the subject of gunnery, wherein he gave an improvement of that useful art. This paper was soon followed by another, wherein our author, first of any one, discovered that easy method, since so well known, of measuring the altitude of very high mountains, steeples, and other eminences by the barometer. The same year saw a third tract, by the same canal, containing both the history and physical cause of the trade-winds and monsoons; he also published a chart representing their direction, wherever they are found to blow, through all the parts of the globe known to the English mariners.

Sir Isaac Newton's *Principia* being published the same year 1686, Mr. Halley, who had the whole care of the impression, presented it, by order of the Royal Society, to his Majesty King James II, with a proper discourse of his own. He also wrote an elegant copy of a verses in Latin, which are prefixed to that book.

This year, also, our author undertook to explain a natural phenomenon, which had, till then, baffled the researches of the ablest geographers. The Mediterranean sea is observed not to swell in the least, notwithstanding there is no visible discharge of the prodigious quantity of water, which runs into it from the nine large rivers, besides several small ones, and from the constant setting-in of the current at the mouth of the streights. His solution of this difficulty gave so much satisfaction to the Society, that he received their orders to prosecute these inquiries; which he accordingly did with the most surprising diligence and sagacity.

But that employment was not sufficient to fill up the sphere of his activity; but, like the industrious bee, he ranged into the fields of speculative geometry, where observing some imperfections in the methods given by others, for constructing solid problems, or equations of the third and fourth powers, he laid down new rules of his own, much more easy and elegant than any of the former. Nor did this satisfy him, till he had proceeded to shew a new method of finding the numbers of roots in such equations, as also their limits, by the help of that particular curve line, the rectification of which was first performed by our countryman Mr. Neil, and thence called the Neilian parabola.

The year after, being that of the revolution, Mr. Halley published the following sheet in octavo, *Ephemeris ad Annum a Nativitate Domini 1688, & ad Longitudinem Urbis Londinensis, ex novis Hypothesibus exactissime supputata, & Reg. Soc. dicata.*

Our author still continued to give his labours to the world by the canal of the Philosophical Transactions, of which, for many years, his pieces were the chief ornament and support. The truth of this assertion will sufficiently appear, if we consider the great number and variety of the subjects, and, at the same time, his entertaining manner of handling them; not to mention how much the strength of his reasoning is enforced by a spirited diction. There is one thing in almost all his pieces, which never fails to leave the reader's mind, after he has perused them, in that state of satisfaction which is the test of good writing; I mean those short, but accurate, historical accounts of the subjects improved by him: An instance of this we have in a dissertation he published in the Philosophical Transactions, on the method of determining the distance of the sun from the earth. *(to be contin.)*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

What! tho' corruption cannot touch the mind
From any source that from itself may spring,
Some outward cause, fate has perhaps design'd,
Which to the soul may utter quenching bring.

Perhaps, something repugnant to her kind,
By strong antipathy the soul may kill:
But what can be contrary to the mind,
Which holds all contraries in concord still?

Perhaps for want of food the soul may pine:
But what were strange; since all things, bad,
and good,
Since all God's creatures, mortal and divine,
Since God himself is her eternal food:

Bodies are fed with things of mortal kind
And so are subject to mortality:
But truth which is eternal, feeds the mind,
The tree of life, which will not let her die.

Yet violence, perhaps the soul destroys;
As lightning, or the sun beams, dim the sight;
Or as a thunder peal, or cannons noise,
The power of hearing, doth astonish quite:

But high perfection to the soul it brings,
To encounter things most excellent and high;
For, when she views the best and greatest things,
They do not hurt, but rather clear her eye:

Besides, as Homer's gods 'gainst armies stand,
Her subtle form can through all dangers glide;
Bodies are captive, minds endure no band,
And will is free, and can no force abide.

Heav'n waxeth old, and all the spheres above,
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay,
And time itself, ere long shall cease to move;
Only the soul survives, from endless clay.

Our bodies, every footstep that they make,
March towards death, until at last they die;
Whether we work, or play, or sleep, or wake,
Our lives doth pass and with quick motion fly.

But to the soul, time will perfection give,
And add fresh lustre to her beauty still,
And make her in eternal youth to live,
Like her which nectar to the gods doth fill;

The more she lives, the more she feeds on truth;
The more she feeds, her strength doth more increase;
And what is strength, but an affect of youth?
Which if time nurse, how can it ever cease?

z.

THE CANDELABRA.

Attend my lay each gentle nymph and swain
While I rehearse, in tragi-comic strain,
The dire contention 'twixt two virgins fair,
Who met like rival lawyers at the bar.
Their age—but here reluctant flows my rhyme
This young and fair,—that, rather past her prime:

The place of action next I will relate,
And the grand cause of this contention state.
The scene an auction, where a lovely prize,
Two candlesticks struck each beholder's eyes;
Of polish'd glass and curious form they were,
With dazzling lustres dangling here and there.
At sight of these the combatants were fir'd,
Alike they prais'd, and each alike desir'd:
But Dolotea, (so was the elder nam'd)
Fetch'd a deep sigh, and to herself exclaim'd;
Great Jupiter! (then heav'd another sigh)
Give me those baubles, or, alas! I die.
High in his rostrum stood the auctioneer,
Thund'ring their value in each list'ning ear;—
“Suppose five shillings to begin we fix,—”
The words scarce spoke another cries out
six;

Quickly the sound reverberates back again,
Rising from seven to eight, from nine to ten:
Warm grew the contest as the price advanc'd;
Their fierce desires the value much enhanc'd;
Each firm and resolute supports her cause,
To two pounds five:—and her ensued a pause:

“What, five and forty shillings and no more,”
Burst from the rostrum—“Ladies don't
give o'er:

Till tir'd with hallowing, and his breath quite spent,
“'Tis gone,” he cried, and down the hammer went.

Here Dolotea with indignant eyes,
Sees her young rival bearing off the prize;
“Stop, stop,” she cried, good Mr. Auctioneer,

“'Twas two pounds six I bid, you did not hear;”

Who dares dispute the truth? I'm sure not I,
For would I think a lady e'er could lie?

Hence a new sale began—with double rage
On conquest bent, the combatants engage;
Just the same part they acted o'er again,
Till Dolotea bid up *two pounds ten!*

The contest here the youngest fair declin'd,
And to her elder the bright prize resign'd:
O then what joy filled Dolotea's breast?
Th' ecstatic raptures plainly stood confest;
Her fears remov'd, supreme delight took place,

Beam'd in hereyes, and reddened in her face:
As to convey the giitt'ring baubles home,
She carried them in triumph from the room.

But oh! the sequel of the story hear,
Prepare the lawn to dry the falling tear,
Ye gentle fair, whose breasts with softness glow,
And thro' whose veins sweet streams of pity flow.

The valu'd purchase (hapless was the case)
Was on its journey to its destin'd place,
There to remain 'midst china, gems, and plate;

When some sly demon envious of its fate,
In human form array'd, mixt in the throng,
Thro' which the luckless bearer trudg'd along,

With all his force collected 'gainst him run,
And broke those trophies late so dearly won.

THE REPLY CHURLISH.

“Say, pensive stranger, wherefore discontent
Spreads her black pinions o'er thy cloud-ed soul;

Why on the ground are all thy glances bent?
Why does stern grief thy mournful breast controul?

Say, dost thou groan beneath oppression's hand?

Hast thou of poverty's sad potion drank?
Or hast thou fled, for crimes, thy native land?”

—“Oh, no! but d—n it, Sir, I've drawn a blank!”

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALFRED shall appear in our next.

CONSTANTIA.—We should always be pleased to hear from our fair correspondent on any other subject than that of defending inconstancy. The “numberless charms,” and “sweet disappointments,” which she declares to exist in variety, contradict very much, what is so “sincerely lamented”—the utter neglect of private affection.

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